

AS
SUNG BY
PEARL
LANDERS.



My Ducky

OLA

[FROM PENSACOLA]



WORDS BY
MORRIS S. SILVER.
MUSIC BY
PAUL H. BUSH



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SILVER

MY DUSKY OLA

(FROM PENSACOLA)

Words by MORRIS SILVER

Music by PAUL H. BUSH

Author of "She's A Real Sweet Girl"
Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with some words appearing on two lines. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

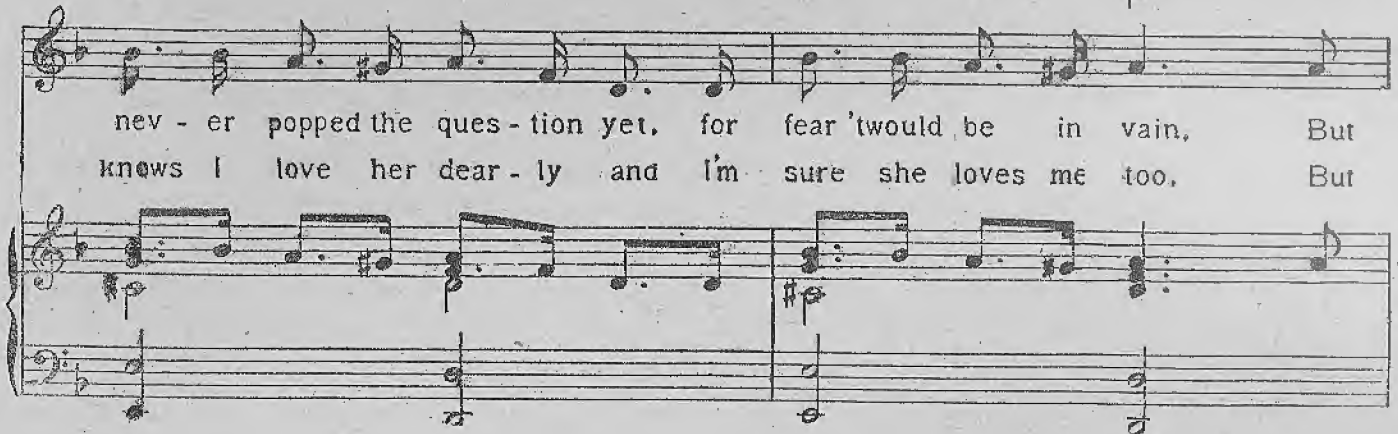
In sun - ny Pen - sa - co - la, mid the fields of corn and rye. Lives
From ear - ly morn till late at night she has my heart a - whirl For I
cap - ti - va - ting lit - tle dusk - y maid: Ev - ry
fair - ly i - dol - ize my la - dy love: In
ev - ning when the sil - vry moon shines from its loft on high Tis
all this world I'm sure you can - not find a sweet - er girl Than
then I go to meet her 'neath a palm tree's gen - tle shade. Her
O - la dear, for she's as true as stars that shine a - bove. My



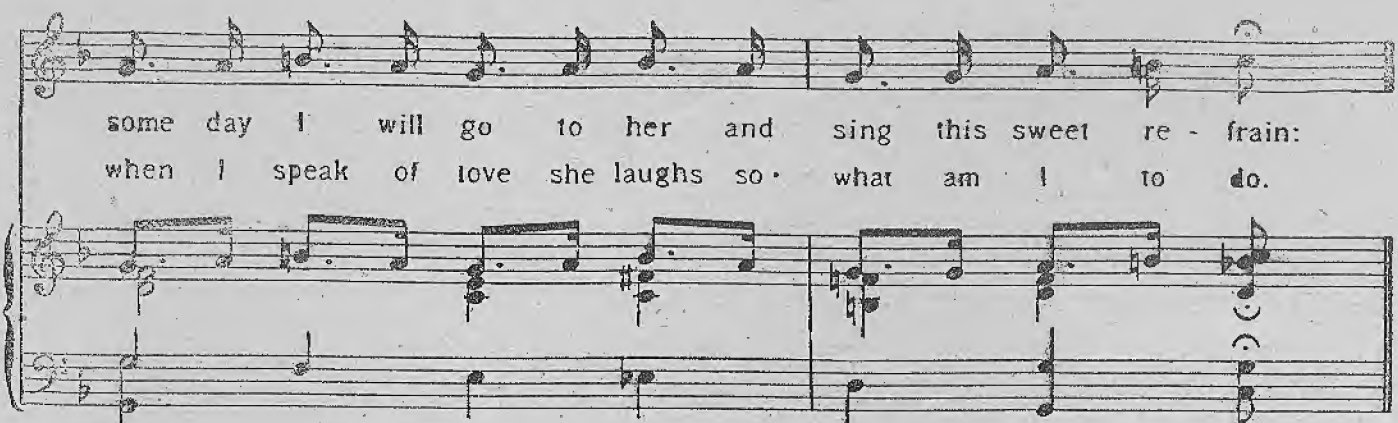
eyes are like the sun - light and they al - ways seem a - glow. And
heart keeps pal - pi - ta - ting, when I hold her hand in mine. And



though I see her oft - en, still, my fu - ture I don't know. I've
gaze in - to her soft brown eyes, that seem to ev - er shine. She

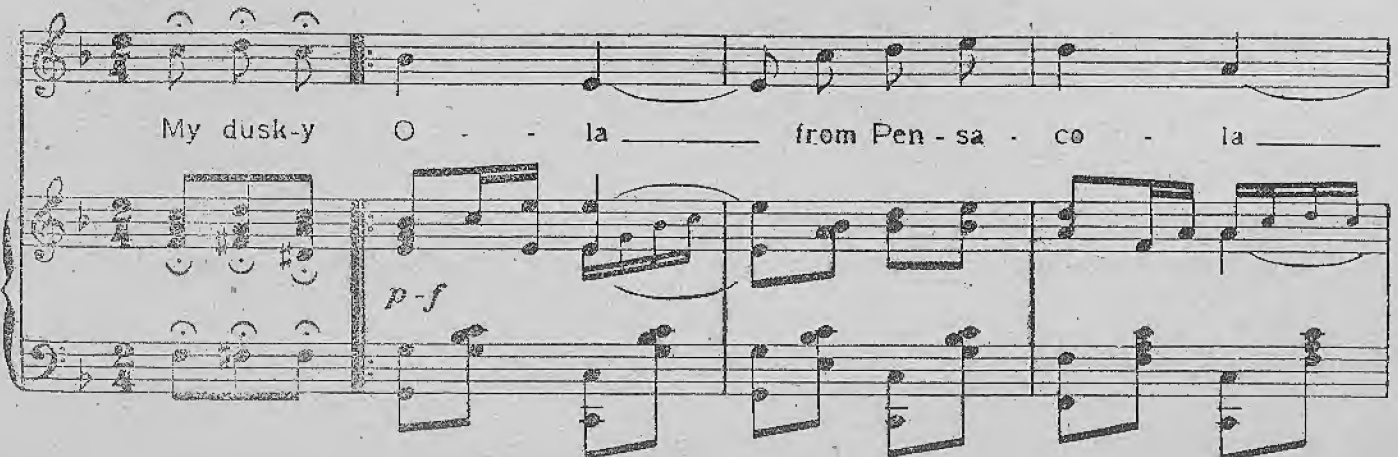


nev - er popped the ques - tion yet, for fear 'twould be in vain, But
knows I love her dear - ly and I'm sure she loves me too, But



some day I will go to her and sing this sweet re - frain:
when I speak of love she laughs so - what am I to do.

CHORUS



My dusk-y O - la from Pen - sa - co - la

p-f

You are my fas-cin - a - ting, charming southern queen When stars are

peep - ing, and I am sleep - ing. Tis then of on - ly

you I dream, I love you dear - ly tell me sin -

cere - ly that your heart be-longs to me and me a - lone.

There are oth - er girls 'tis true, but I want on - ly you, Oh.

prom-ise that you'll be my dusk-y O la. My dusk-y la